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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

II

To another.

And we say good-bye to you also,
For you seem never to have discovered
That your relationship is wholly parasitic;
Yet to our feasts you bring neither
Wit, nor good spirits, nor the pleasing attitudes
Of discipleship.

III

But you, *bos amic*, we keep on,
For to you we owe a real debt:
In spite of your obvious flaws,
You once discovered a moderate chop-house.

IV

*Iste fuit vir incultus,
Deo laus, quod est sepultus,
Vermes habent eius vultum—
A-a-a—A-men.
Ego autem jovialis
Gaudebo in contubernalis
Cum jocunda femina.*

LADIES

Agathas

Four and forty lovers had Agathas in the old days,
All of whom she refused;

Ladies

And now she turns to me seeking love,
And her hair also is turning.

Young Lady

I have fed your lar with poppies,
I have adored you for three full years;
And now you grumble because your dress does not fit
And because I happen to say so.

Lesbia Illa

Memnon, Memnon, that lady
Who used to walk about amongst us
With such gracious uncertainty,
Is now wedded
To a British householder.
Lugete, Veneres! Lugete, Cupidinesque!

Passing

Flawless as Aphrodite,
Thoroughly beautiful,
Brainless,
The faint odor of your patchouli,
Faint, almost, as the lines of cruelty about your chin,
Assails me, and concerns me almost as little.